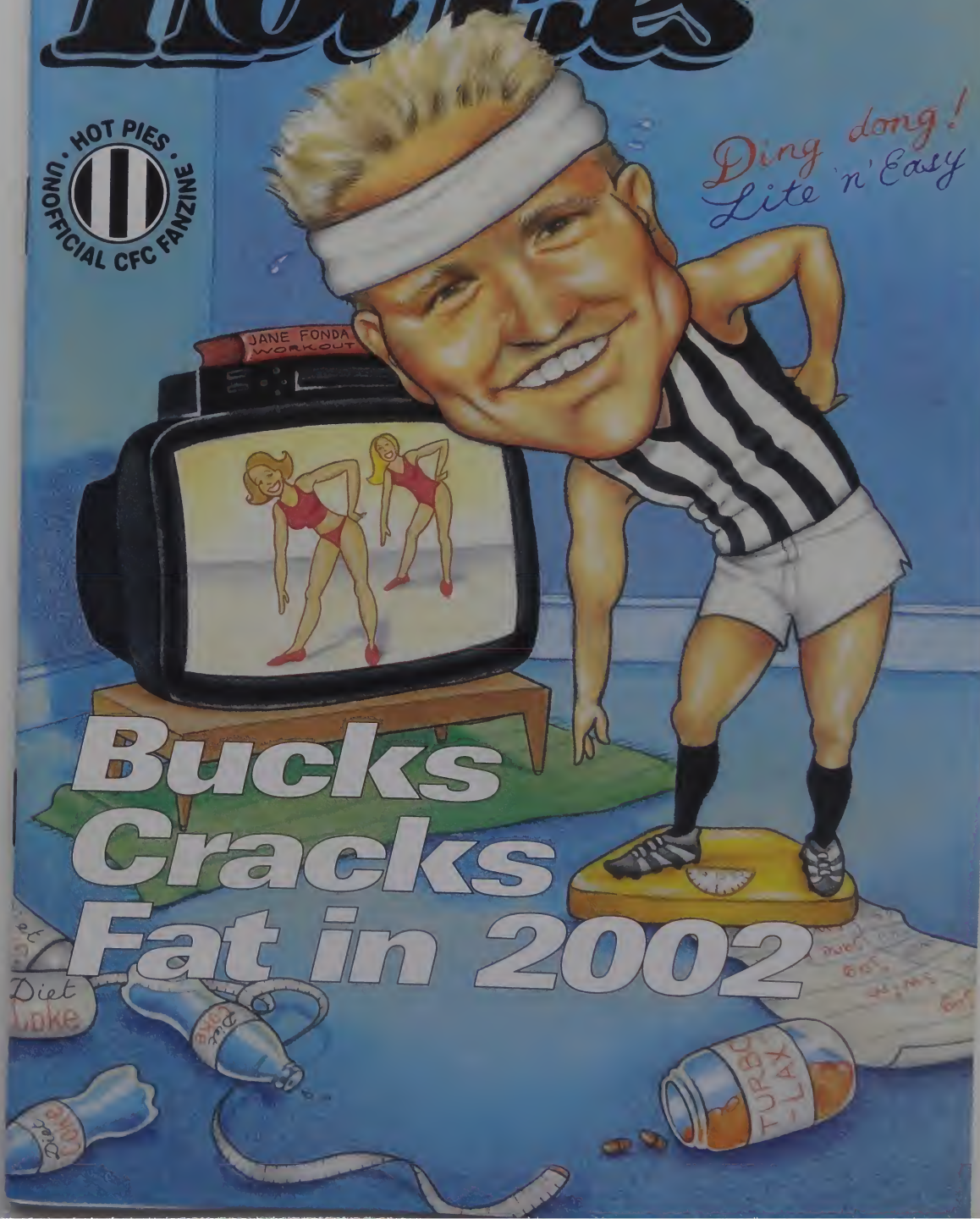


# Hot Pies

Issue 9  
March 2002



*Ding dong!  
Lite 'n' Easy*



**Bucks  
Cracks  
Fat in 2002**

# You Gotta Fight, For Your Right, To POKIE!

The Club.



For generations the Vicky Park Social Club has been a great place to get pissed and blow your pay cheque in one hit.

## DON'T LET THEM TAKE THE POKIES AWAY FROM VICKY PARK

Call the Club, the AFL, Bracksie, talkback radio, basically anybody that'll listen and let them know how bloody angry we are.

### \$\$\$ PROBLEM GAMBLERS ALLIANCE \$\$\$

## Hot Pies

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### Disclaimer

At Hot Pies, we believe it's O.K. to enjoy watching punch-ups on a footy field. We think that the melée rule is 'Un-Australian'. Sentimental tears well up in our eyes at the mere thought of the days when footy was B.Y.O. We're sick of being told what's good for us by an industry that would hock it's mother for a dollar. We believe that most Essendon supporters are arrogant turds and we feel entitled knowing they lost the flag last year. And by the way, we love the Mighty Pies.

With these core values we bring you 'Hot Pies', a satirical farzine about the team we love and the things we hate. We take the piss and make up stuff about whoever and whatever. Even the title itself is domain. And everything we just told you is a lie. In closing that, try us out: having a laugh and keeping great (satirical) traditions alive (re: tail poppy syndrome, the press take, bulldozing mowing, washing the car, etc). **SO PIES!**

P.S. In case you can't tell, Hot Pies is an independent publication. The Collingwood Football Club has no involvement with the content of Hot Pies whatsoever (but we still suspect they secretly like it).

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## Lick'em'Alive

Details are emerging of the extreme lengths Richmond went in to retaining the services of the most overrated backman in the competition. The huge salary demanded by Darren Gaspar called for some creative revenue raising. It is no coincidence that Gaspar's new contract included a 'don't cut your hair' clause. Unknown Sauces claim that Richmond marketing officials plan to capitalise on the striking resemblance between Gaspar and the Paddle Pop Lion. Stay tuned for more on that one.



## Jumping Ship

It seems the reading received by Caroline Wilson in the previous edition of Hot Pies may have had a big effect on the girl from Punt Rd. Unknown Sauces claim that getting her name in our mag was enough to make Wilson change her stripes and become a Pie. Left you can see Carlos Foster proudly sporting a new Collingwood membership sticker. Welcome aboard Caro.

## Exciting News

If you thought that watching Barnsey before the Blues clash was as good as it gets, then think again. The Collingwood Events Department has swung into top gear in preparation for one of the most important events in the history of Australian Football. In less than 18 months Eddie McGuire is due to oversee his 100th game as President of the Collingwood Football Club. To celebrate this milestone the board has issued a simple edict, 'Only the best for Eddie'. Secrecy surrounds every detail, but 'Unknown Sauces' can reveal that a week long festival of activities has been planned. These include 383 testimonial dinners at Crown (\$150 per head, \$75 matinee) and the launch of Eddie's new book, 'My first 100, they did it my way'.

But the show-stopper of celebrations will be the Collingwood v. Fremantle Blockbuster in round 21, 2003. No expense shall be spared for this one-off spectacular. Interpretative dance guru Tony Bartuccio will bedazzle the expected huge crowd with a performance that is said to include a ten metre wide mouth, a fifty metre tall microphone and a goat. This will be followed by twenty renditions of 'Good Old Collingwood Forever' (played at ear bleeding levels) and free beer for ten minutes.

Royalty is expected to attend with James Packer and the head of the Reserve Bank touring Melbourne at the time. It's sure to be a great night, be there!



Scotty Palmer has his say on 'Hot Pies'

I reckon they've spent too long with my five daughters...

## Health scare

A recent health scare has sent shock waves through the medical rooms at McHale stadium. The alarm was raised following a routine post-Christmas medical examination. Club doctors observed a strange discolouration on the extremity of a gun Maggie forward. Extensive analysis eventually discovered the cause of the 'strange yellow discolouration' and accompanying flaky texture. The AFLPA has been instructed to advise all players of the effects associated with watching Adult movies whilst eating Twisties.



## Litigation madness

It seems players aren't the only ones facing insurance problems in the lead up to season 2002. Ex-Collingwood President and 1990 Premiership hero Alan McAlister has been unable to renew his personalised 'Embarrass Yourself' Insurance. The sticking point has been the section entitled 'Stupid things I might say which I don't really mean but sound really bad, but sort of do mean it's just that they sound bad, sort of, if you know what I mean'. Until the issue is resolved McAlister is expected to remain in seclusion on his topical Island in the Whitsundays, living a life of opulence from his Ostrich farming investments of the 1980's.



## Everything old

Supporters, fearful that the move from McHale Stadium to Olympic Park will strip the club of its cultural integrity, can relax. Many of the famous Victoria Park cultural icons that put Vicky Park on the map shall be replicated in the new multi million dollar theme park redevelopment. Plans include: the reconstruction of the Trenerry Crescent toilets (complete with ankle-deep synthetic urine); Street performers portraying well known alcoholics of yesteryear in the new Social Club Bar; and for the kids there's an interactive video game called 'The Opposition Race'. Children of all ages will be able to test their skill and accuracy by spitting at video images of great opposition footballers of the past. Expected completion date August 2009.



## Melbourne off to flyer!!

On early form it would appear that the Melbourne Marketing Department is favourite for Hot Pies' "Off-Field Flag 2002". After controversially placing the billboard pictured above in Johnston Street, bloody COLLINGWOOD (in the backyard of one of Daic's failed pubs, no less), it seems that Demon dreams have finally come true. Melbourne have at long last found twenty two people who can't play football representing their club each week.

# HATS OFF

Again It's good to see so many members hats around the streets of Melbourne. However what seems to puzzle me is the amount of down and out types around Smith St who seem to be wearing them. Does the club give them away to the less fortunate or do they steal them when they run off with our VCR's. I think it's something the club should look into especially if the club wants to maintain the status of Collingwood as 'The most valuable piece of real estate in Australian sport'

May, Email

Eds: I do know that the club does alot of charity work for the less fortunate, and they also say there is no such thing as bad publicity

# TRIBUNAL MUST ACT

Dear Hot Pies

I heard James Hird was 'suspended' during the AFL pre-season competition. When is the AFL going to learn we can't afford to allow kinky cross dressing to infiltrate our game

Yours Sincerely

Seymore Ass, 4 Skinners Crt.

Eds: James was **SUSPENDED**, not suspended. However I must agree that cross dressing in football is something that needs to be looked at.

# CONVERT

Hot Pies,

I like Collingwood (sic).Bucks is my hero. When I grow up I want to play for the pies. I have a secret stash of your mags and Colinwood (sic) stuff under my bed Go Pies

xxoo

Jack Silvagni, Carlton

Eds: You poor kid, at least you barrack for a good team

# BURNING THE TRACK

Hot Pies,

watch out for a blinder of a season from Rupert this year. he's put in blinder this pre-season.

Rupert's Mum., Caulfield

Eds: We'll be watching

# BEER ANYONE

Hot Pies,

Is this move to Olympic Park really going to happen, and if so what are they going to do with Vicky Park. Is the whole idea based around trying to flog piss after matches. If so couldn't they just put up a beer tent for after match gigs in the car park. It would be much cheaper and more in keeping with the Collingwood way of doing things.

Eds: What you don't understand is that the move to Olympic Park is a beer tent on steroids and much, much more

# WHAT'S UP

Hot Pies,

If I was not mistaken I think we lost every pre-season game that we played. Now I know that we weren't out to win the Wizard cup, but how come we were so shitful in every single game. What's more does this mean that we are going to have a stinker of a season. Some people reckon that we are deliberately starting the season slowly so we can finish with a bang, but at this rate we should reach top form by about round twenty one when we have two wins on the board. Don't tell me we're not going to make the finals again this year, I've got fifty buck riding on us finishing above Hawthorn this year.

Clive, Wantirna

Eds: OK then I won't.

# THRIFTY

Hot Pies

Just a quick note to let fans know a great way to save money when doing your Magpie Face makeup. Use burnt

cork instead of face paint. Don't worry about the carbon.

Charles, Preston

# ETHICAL

Hot Pies

The striking resemblance between Nathan Buckley and former Collingwood legend Bob Rose must be more than coincidence. Is there a genetic cloning program going on at the club and, if so, how can I get my genes spliced in? Will provide pies and haircuts to any progeny created for the term of its playing career.

Kinks, Vicy Park Footpath

# SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

Hot Pies

Social Club events can be trying on costume night. Pirates, Mad Max and Hobo theme nights can all now be sorted out easily by drawing on your face with burnt cork!! Burnt cork - the costume in a cork!

Charles, Preston

p.s. you have to eat it to get cancer

# OF COURSE

Hot Pies

As a disabled driver, I am sick and tired of other drivers parking in our reserved spaces at Victoria Park. Perhaps if the club could allocate us spaces in a far corner of the carpark or down the street the able bodied wouldn't be tempted to park in them.

Willy Makeit, Mitcham

# WORRIED

Hot Pies

What is this lump in my neck?

Charles, Preston.

# PICK-UP

Dear Hot Pies,

I am hoping to pass on advice which may help save many Magpie fans this

season. If you think it's hard to pick up chicks at the footy normally, it's impossible after a seagull shits on you. Anon.

# HAIR CARE

Hot Pies,

Do you know where the boys get their Dred work done. I'm a breeder of extra hairy permed Samoids and I think they've had some great work done.

Stanley Archibald, Melbourne.

(I've heard all the boys get their exotic work done at Archibald's Hair Salon in Little Lonsdale St Melbourne. ask for Stanley)

# VOCAL

Dear Hot Pies,

I'm writing to you about something that's been giving me the shits for a long time now - namely, people who ring up on talkback radio. I'm sick of people complaining about the first thing that comes into their minds. It's not as if they ever have anything constructive to contribute. All they ever do is ring up and slag off at people. Often they don't even know what they are talking about, all they do is pick a pet topic and play with it over and over again, so much so that by the time they have finished spouting off you can't even remember what they were complaining about in the first place. I don't think they should waste people's time with mindless audience feedback stuff at all.

Yours sincerely, Concerned., Brighton

# AGREE

Dear Hot Pies

I agree with "Concerned" and think that all of our rights to talk endlessly about whatever we want should be defended in the Australian constitution because I don't know what I'm on about and I should be allowed to express it.

All the best,

Wallys

HOT PIES went to the coalface of public opinion during another pre-season thrashing and asked the bumper crowd the burning question.

# Do you believe recreational drug use is a problem in modern footy?



Don't be silly. Opium use in Melbourne was rife in the thirties. Don't tell me four flags in a row is a mere coincidence. Don, Doncaster.



Hey dude, back off. I'm still off my face from mum's epidural. Buba, Bundoora.



What's the problem? It's not illegal or nuffin. Is it? Agro, Pakenham



If it helps off field performance then it's fine. Not that the team has ever failed in that department before. Kylie, Keilor



Humph, humph, #@%# umpires, humph, Humph, Go Buckers, humph, mumble, Ball you \$#@! white maggot, spit, chew, humph get that camera out of my face before I \$#@% break the \*t%#@ thing. Alf, Alphonington



New footy boots for Grand Final

Stupid looking hair cut for big day

Taking a pay cut to stay with club

Captaining the biggest underachievers in history

Free from sponsors

\$50

-\$50,000

Priceless



*There are some things money can't buy  
For everything else there's LosersCard*

# Bucks' diet tips

**When the Match Committee accused Nathan Buckley of not pulling his weight last year he answered in the way we could think of, and lost 10kg. In an "exclusive" to Hot Pie we can share some of the gut-wrenching secrets that created the new and improved 'Nathan Buckley of 2002'.**

## TEAMWORK

Like any game, weight loss is a team sport. With the right team behind you, mountains of lardorous fat can be moved. Buck's was no exception.

Bucks enlisted the help of all his friends, and finally found one. A club dietician whom he recently met. It was the dietician's idea to substitute elements of Buck's diet without his knowledge.

Whilst Buck's didn't notice the reduced fat marg, or the Diet Ale in the V.B. bottle, everyone on table 24 at the Copeland Medal Dinner noticed the curried egg and pickled onion sandwiches he ate the day before.

## CHOOSE CAREFULLY!

Lifestyle factors have a huge effect on the success rate of any diet. Yet the life of an AFL superstar is a busy one. Hence the unavoidable need to eat out from time to time.

This is can be a common trap for inexperienced dieters. How can anyone expect to juggle the discipline of a diet when they are surrounded by the temptourous delights of a mouth-watering Smorgy's dessert buffet?

The answer is go somewhere where the mere thought of swallowing the food is enough to make you want to pewk.

It is no coincidence that Bucks was often seen purveying the offerings of an un-named carvery in Lulie Street over the summer months.

**HANDY HINT:** Few people realise that Goats Cheese really tastes like shit. People commonly mistake it for gourmet fare and pretend to enjoy it. A little bit of goats cheese before every meal will ruin the taste of everything thereafter and make eating seem unrewarding and useless. Try it before your next meal.



Before and after shots (that's before on the left)

## LOYAL SERVANTS.

Over recent times Buck's has been portrayed as a humble animal loving dog owner, however few know the real motivation behind this foray into Dogdom.

Canine to human transmission is still the most common and effective form intestinal worm conveyance. Allowing Rover to give Daddy a big hello lick on the lips is enough to start the bacterial 'War On Fat'.

No matter how much Buck's shovelled down his gullet those hungry little critters downstairs just kept on eating. The results of this zero tolerance to calories was that no matter how much Buck's ate he was unable to absorb a single morsal.

## YAKULT IS FOR WHIMPS

Ever wondered what makes a steak really tender and juicy. It's all in the ageing. That's butcher talk for meat a week before it's about to turn into a grey (or green) mass of stinking, slimy, decomposing, bacteria-infested carcass. Mmmmm.

Bucks simply extended this concept and waited that extra week with all the meats he ate over the Christmas BBQ season.

A form of Russian Roulette of the bowel. Not only did he enjoy the corn (both before and after) he lost more than 3kg burning calories from abdominal cramps alone.

No.		Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Lecky Davis	17/6/81	178	75	33
2	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	179	75	19
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	99	132
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	5
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	89	183
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	80	57
7	Jarrod Molloy	12/5/76	189	99	142
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	94	104
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	183	83	112
10	Rupert Beltheras	23/11/75	181	86	52
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	82	63
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	102	41
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	75	—
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	94	115
15	Carl Steinfort	1/4/77	191	87	83
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	80	—
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	82	113
18	Paul Licuria	07/02/73	179	86	67
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	178	85	33
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	192	91	65
21	Chad Rintoul	31/7/74	180	86	73
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	80	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	195	104	118
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	178	79	56
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	42
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	178	84	30
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	186	182	—
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	98	37
29	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	81	24
30	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	89	—
31	Andrew Dimmalinna	9/11/77	183	89	26
32	Scott Cummings	18/1/74	194	105	123
33	Tyson Lurie	25/08/76	183	86	61
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	93	—
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	193	97	90
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	75	—
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	90	21
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	194	93	—
39	James Podsiadly	10/9/81	192	96	—
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	80	—
41	Andrew J. Hill	6/9/79	183	83	—
43	Mark Dubyna	9/12/83	186	79	—
44	Andrew R. Hill	23/6/81	188	91	1
45	Leith Teakle	28/7/83	178	74	—



almost accurate as 1/1/2000

PICTURES OF EDDIE'S CLACKER IN DUNNY SHOCKER!

## President cracks it!!

In a bizarre twist to the latest round of mass layoffs at Victoria Park, it appears a cleaner has used a hidden camera to take compromising photographs of some of the biggest names at Collingwood.

The sensational pictures, which are now in our possession, are the work of Mr I.P. Freely, the former Social Club cleaner who was responsible for looking after the Presidential facilities at Victoria Park. The candid shots were taken using a secret camera hidden in Ed's toilet disguised as a number two.

There's more than one flushed face in this club crisis. Trouble shooter and part-time corporate crime fighter Nuno D'Aquino has vowed to get to the bottom of this and he has been unanimously supported by all the other bored members.

There have been increased rumblings in the boardroom that the proverbial is about to hit the fan over the lurid lavy photos taken from inside the President's thunderbox. Sensitivity has been heightened as they reveal more than one reason why Eddie may have been a sh!thead to board members.

Amazingly, The shots reveal that he may have been pooping his own likeness.

'Are we supposed to rest assured that it is the real President talking to us at board meetings?' one board member questioned. 'I can site at least three instances where our supposed "El Presidente" was shit faced.'

We have managed to obtain the pictures which are at the eye of the storm, but we have no intention of publishing them.

Unlike some other publications, we know where the line should be drawn between public interest and invasion of privacy. And Collingwood members have been quick to commend us on our brave stand.

"By refusing to print these pictures there is no doubt that the circulation will suffer. But I for one applaud this courageous moral stand" said one fan yesterday. (Thanks Mum).

This topic is set to dominate the next Board meeting due early next month. The main issue for debate is, 'should they get a replacement for the

fiendish Mr. Freely or should board members go before they come to work? Hot Pies will keep you updated.



"Who me?" A red-faced McGuire avoids questions about the "Turd Element".

## Meta-MORPH-isis

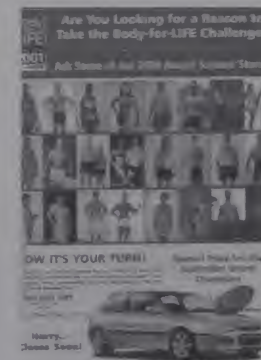
by Woody

Whilst flicking through a gentlemen's...er...um...sports magazine Hot Pies came across 1990 Premiership defender Shane Morwood featured in an ad for some fitness crowd.



Before and after shots show his amazing transition from lanky, pale bloke with mullet in baggy shorts to lanky, pale bloke with mullet in tight shorts.

It seems becoming buffed also means losing all your body hair. Silky smooth. Just like he was when he played.



# Footsteps takes its hat off to ... Murray "The Rock" Weidemann

by The Captain

Regular readers of Footsteps will remember from last issue that Murray Weidemann was the Magpie coach who struggled to get the best out of hard man and lunatic "fabulous" Phil Carman.

Well, a decade or so earlier he played for the Pies as well and he played like a thug. Not only that but he played in two premierships teams, was captain of one and wrestled professionally as a second job while playing footy. What a bleedin' legend.

"The Weed" was born during the depression and that made him tough. Tough as a piece of three-day-old bread. Which, incidentally, was all he got working 22 hours a day in a foundry at five years of age while the kids in Toorak were finger painting in their cosy kindergartens. Anyway you get the idea. Murray was a Collingwood hard man from birth.

As a kid every inch of his soul itched to play for the Pies. Luckily the Weed was a child prodigy with the pigskin in his hands.

He was a skinny 17-year-old kid getting over a flu when he played off the bench in the Pies' 1953 premiership team. A year and a half earlier the Weed had been considered too slight to make the Pies' final list but he'd made it on his undoubted talent.

The hurly burly of that Grand Final proved to him that he wasn't going to make his mark in footy with his scarecrows frame.

And he saw only one way to avoid this - he bulked up. (take notes Rogan, we hope your reading this - Eds)

Weed took summer jobs delivering phone books and beer kegs. He did removalist work on the side and when he knocked off he went down the gym for a bit more. His fuel was meat pies

and sarsaparilla until he turned 18 in February and then Murray started to fly into the seven ounces down at the pub after working and working out.

If there had of been a preseason night comp back at the start of 1954 then Weed would have been one of those guys running around who you just don't recognise.

It wasn't a new haircut or a deep lustrous tan that would have had you reaching for your record, but a new barrel-chested physique. The Weed had become "The Rock".

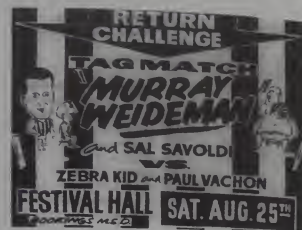
There was no preseason comp. Murray was out there playing a BOG blinder in a round one game against the Dees. The rest of his season wasn't so hot. He was a kid getting used to a man's body and seeing what he could do with it in a football context.

Give him a break for Christ sake. He was still a raw kid, just like Nick Davis was two years ago except unlike Nicky he was also suffering from a premiership hangover.

There was also a changing of the guard going on at Vic Park and Weed (or Rock) was at the forefront of it. The old thugs were hanging up their boots. Bob Rose, Lou and Ron Richards were all gone by 1956.

They all bought TV's with the money they'd earned from football and went home to put their feet up and get comfy in the lounge and watch the Olympics.

So not to put too finer point on it, Vic Park needed a new thug. And we had the Rock. Rock really



hit his straps in 1957, played like a wizard and won his first Copeland showing great leadership all season. Next season he was vice-captain.

Of course 1958 was a premiership year. The Rock was pivotal in this. Like the greedy kid that he was, he wanted to taste success again and all of us who love Collingwood can thank God that he did.

For at least two reasons. To any Collingwood supporter who, like myself around the end of the 80's, began to think that a thirty year plus premiership drought was approaching insanity I say: "imagine if the wait was five years longer".

And yet thankfully 1990 intervened. Far worse for those who are statistically minded; if Collingwood had not won in 1958 then Melbourne would have equalled our record of four flags in a row. In fact considering they won in '59 and '60, the Dees might have strung

together six in a row.

Imagine that for a second.

OK, so we can't claim to have won the most premierships anymore. (You've got to expect over 32 years some of the other teams are going to catch up). But we've still got it over Essendon and Carlton and everyone else when the conversation turns to back-to-back flags.

Um. Anyway back to the Weed, I mean the Rock.

Rock, still a youngster at 22, stepped up in the '58 grand final in the absence of then captain and last remaining old guard hard man Frank "friar" Tuck. It was a big ask but the Rock was up to it. Rock lead the team out, down the race and onto the field through the piss-weak banner they had to run through in those days.

And he didn't stop leading all day. Leading with his left, leading with his right just to mix it up a bit. Rock went about being captain like a bull at a gate. The highly fancied Dee line up crumbled under the pressure. They tried to go the knuckle in retaliation but took their eyes off the ball and went down by three goals.

Inevitably Rock was made captain for real in 1960 but his style of play didn't alter. He became known as "The Enforcer" and whether he was kicking goals at centre half forward and full forward or throwing his fists around in the ruck he always made his presence felt.

On field, Rock made everyone else stand taller. (Metaphorically and literally; he also had a thing about good posture.) Rock dished it out like a three armed short order cook but he was also prepared to cop it sweet.

Unfortunately his straight ahead style of play ruffled a few feathers amongst those who had a few screws loose. Some of his adversaries were unable to keep it all in perspective and leave it on the field. He copped death threats, was shot at and had bricks thrown through his front window. Rock got more attention than a snitch about to lag on a mafia don.

In the midst of all this he won back to back Copelands in 1961/62 and topped the goal kicking three years out of four. He was playing champagne football, but opposition supporters just wanted to shower him with Molotov cocktails.

At heart Rock was a laid back larrikin and it became obvious to him that everyone else was taking footy a little too seriously. He was a born entertainer as well as a gifted sportsman. Murray was hurt to think that people weren't coming down to enjoy watching him throw haymakers.

No one was taking it in the spirit in which it was intended. Rock dived behind dustbins to dodge bullets and disarmed bombs stuck under his car on a daily basis. He dreamed of a more simple existence.

So naturally Rock was enthusiastic when the opportunity came to be a professional wrestler.

Murray's vaudevillian slap stick humour wasn't appreciated on the footy

field but down at Festival Hall they lapped it up. Rock pounded the canvas with the faces of his opponents like a natural. He'd found his calling. He was at home.

He experienced the sort of catharsis a young gay man might experience after coming out, except Rock wasn't gay. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

The eye gouges, flying elbows and pile drivers brought applause and adulation rather criticism and retaliation. Understandably the draw of footy waned for the Weed. Footy just didn't understand him. Putting on the Pumas on a Saturday arvo just didn't have the same pull and Collingwood just didn't see the same passion on the paddock.

His new love was applying arm locks and sleeper holds. Sad really. Sad for footy and for Collingwood.

Murray retired from footy at the end of 1963 at only 27. The next year the Pies took on the Dees yet again in the Grand Final. You can bet your bottom dollar Melbourne's four point win was only achievable in his absence.



Understandably Rock was (and is) one of the club's favourite sons and in keeping with tradition he was given the reigns as coach in 1975. Same deal with giving the job to Shawky after Bethal finished up. And just as bold an idea.

Few would argue that Rock's record as coach doesn't demand the same space as his playing achievements. He was at the helm (but had let go of the reigns) when we collected our first and only wooden spoon in 1976. I don't blame Rock though. I lay the blame firmly at the feet of the then president, Ern Clarke.

I was quite young at the time but there was some craziness going around. I can tell you.

Just as the Governor General was wiggling out and doing things he had no right to do - like sacking a government we'd all elected - Ern was overstepping the



mark too. Ern was just as power hungry as Kerr - he wasn't happy with just being President, he wanted to be coach as well. Naturally Rock wouldn't abide the interference - he never took a backward step his whole career and he didn't know how. In retrospect it's clear they should have set up a ring in the centre of Vic Park after training one night and had Rock take on Ern over three rounds. That would have sorted the matter early and been better for all concerned.

Nevertheless Collingwood still loves Rock. He stepped into the breach in every role the club asked him to fill: goalkicker, enforcer, captain, and coach. You can't ask more than that. And yet often he got nothing but shit for his trouble.

Go Weed, I mean, Rock.

## Hot Pies' dole diary alibis

We all know that dealing with Centrelink is 'working for the dole'. Now Hot Pies makes it easy for you to fill in the blanks and for only \$25 per call we'll back up all your dodgy Dole diary alibi's. Check out our specials this month.

### EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENTS

#### FINANCIAL CONTROLLER

65k p.a.  
Anal retentive employer.  
Lots of freecies.

A financial controller is sought by an ultra conservative mega Billion \$ company. Must have a sound grasp of task, but not on a Friday night at the pokies. (Ideally the successful candidate should see the funny side of sexual harassment, and pretend to enjoy the company of mostly old farts whilst ripping us off blind. This is a job for a motivated go getter. Huge incentives and cash bonuses for the right person. Creativity essential. Don't delay.

### SITUATIONS VACANT

#### PAINTER (Reference No. 88120 A)

Two hundred painters are required for project beginning in early January. Must enjoy views of the farra sole be adept at painting vertical stripes. Colour Blind people overpeeped.

#### PRODUCT CONTROLLER

We are a cutting edge, ultra-modern, media reactive football club with a long and proud history of mediocrity. We are seeking a person to serve our proud club in the newly created position of Product Controller. Formerly know as senior AFL coach this position requires a person with attributes. (More details available on termination)

Any aspiring candidates with coaching experience of any sport, age group or standard are encouraged to apply. Must be good at removing knives and have flexible elbows. Football experience preferred but not essential. We are a company which places a great emphasis on public profiles and reputations.

Any suitable candidate must have a good standing in the community and accept it will be ruined afterwards. A 'No Win No Fee' salary package is non-negotiable.

Any candidates with grief counselling and crisis management credentials will be highly regarded. Must have own car. Must have current passport. Must be a current board member.

hotpiesexclusive

COULD COLLINGWOOD'S FOOTBALL SUCCESS HANG IN THE BALANCE?

## Fans call for teaching of 3 Bs

A call has been made by former players to reinstitute the fundamentals used in the days of Collingwood's previous successes.

A witherto secret "Three B" plan has been revealed by former 1990 Premiership players to 'Hot Pies'. Sadly, this tradition has been wholly neglected by current coach Michael Malthouse.

In a shocking revelation today, it was announced that Collingwood's lineup may be suffering an end of year tall off by neglecting the essentials of footy training techniques that the Pies have always built their success on.

### BEER

Long known to give courage off field, in everything from bus jackings to policy decision making, beer has not been included in the current lineups training regime.

'He may be "Malthouse" by name, but where's the nature? He couldn't organise a pissup in a brewery' one former player commented today.

'How can he expect them to cope with "flooding" if the new boys don't know the first thing about shot-gunning a beer before they play?'

### BIRDS

'Handling a pair of Boobs gives the guys great hand eye coordination, increases their confidence in handling

irregular shapes under pressure and is good for their overall footy fitness' an inside source on the training staff said today.

'But our shining new lights all seem to be duds in the sack. Time for the coaching staff to organise some meet and mate sessions which could be tacked onto the end of a pie night on a Thursday' an anonymous source suggested.

### BRUMBIES

Phar Lap, known as "the greatest racehorse ever" became a hero to a nation gripped by the Great Depression. During the same era the Pies were at their peak. The introduction of 'Magpie racing' is a shallow attempt to address this problem.

The new boys should make it a top priority to get their backsides trackside the night before a big game and "put it all on the line". With today's great marketing efforts by the VRC, there's so many birds and so much beer down there, they can fulfill all three of their pre-game toughening assignments in one fell swoop.

It can only be hoped that Collingwood's coaching staff are not blindly locked into purely "innovative" training techniques as introduced by lesser lights such as Kevin Sneezy (training in lycra leggings being a typical example) and will look to history, and the 3 B's, to guide us into the future as THE dominating football force.

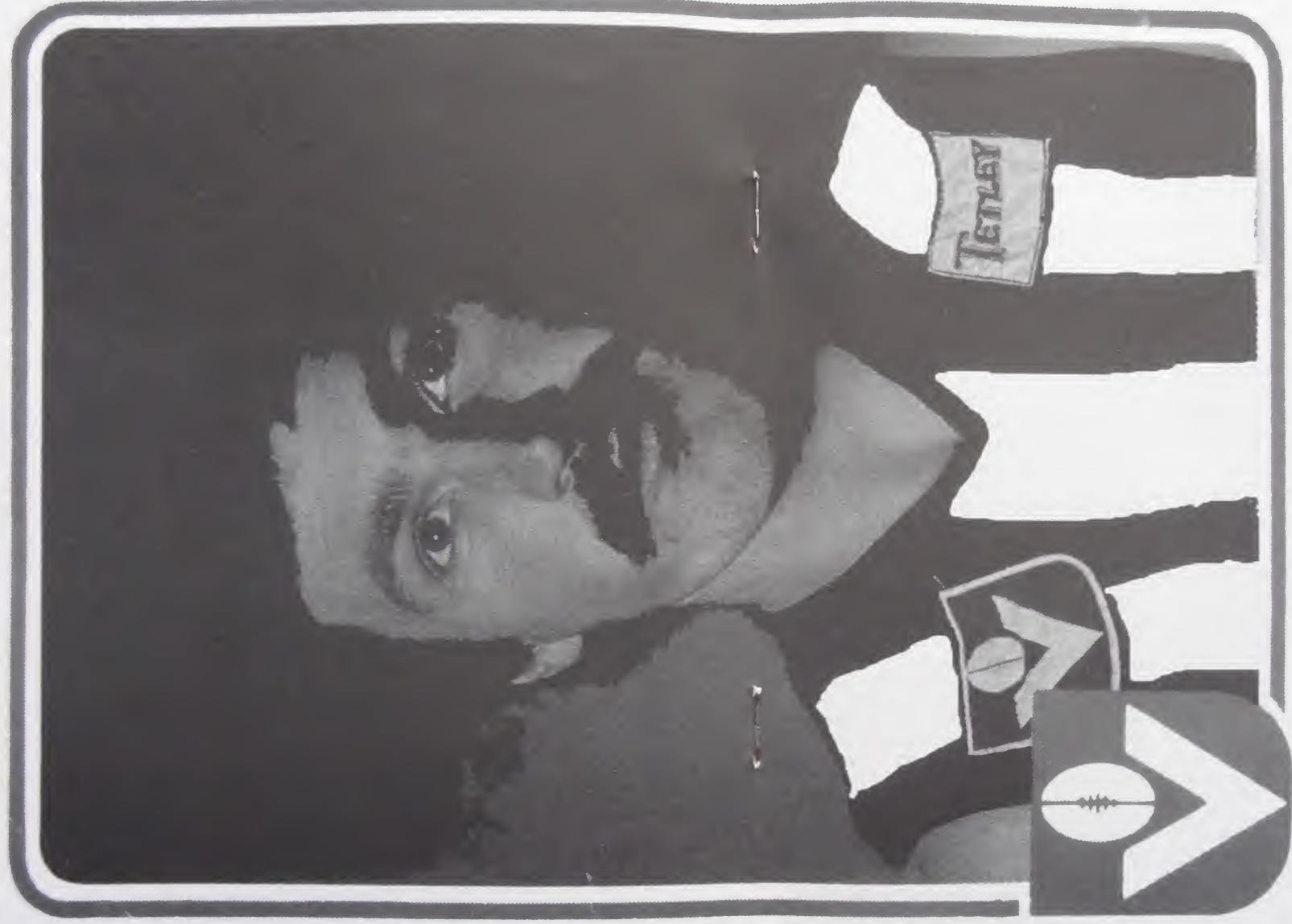
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**Freddie Malthouse**

# Chopper Read returns to Collingwood

by Woody

RECRUITING GURU NOEL JUDKINS WAS ONTO CHOPPER'S RETURN LONG BEFORE THE AGE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM

Desperate to add some hardness to the team Noel Judkins has cast the recruiting net in all sorts of places.

After some heavy lobbying the Pies shocked the league by naming 47 year old Mark Brandon "Chopper" Read on their "Wanted List".

Clubs can use the list for any likely troublemakers.

AFL rules allow any substantial legal bills the Club incurs bailing such listed players out of trouble can be excluded from the salary cap.

Initially introduced to extend the careers of players such as Carlton's Brendan Fevola no Club has used the rule as imaginatively as the Magpies.

Hot Pies sent the intrepid WOODY down to The Leinster in deepest darkest Collingwood to score the low down with Noel Judkins and Chopper Read.

HOT PIES: Chopper, welcome to Collingwood. We saw you on Australian Story on the ABC and you looked very happy living the farming life. Why the move?

CHOPPER: I wasn't happy. You can't live a lie. I left with the clothes on my back and just enough money for the airfare to get out of Tasmania.

HOT PIES: Sounds like a hasty exit?

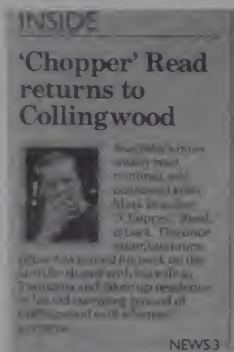
JUDKINS: Er...um...Mark was so keen to try out with the Pies he left in a bit of a hurry. It's that sort of passion we look for in the side.

HOT PIES: If you're so keen why has it taken so long to get you in the black and white?

CHOPPER: You blokes obviously do fuck all research before an interview. Haven't ya read me books? Written ten of the buggers. Jesus Christ!

HOT PIES: Sorry Mr Read, you're right, I haven't read any of your books.

CHOPPER: Well if you can't read then get me video out ya dickhead. That Bana bloke didn't do a bad job ya know. Mind you, would have been more realistic if they got someone better looking to play me.



JUDKINS: It's OK Mark, remember we covered this type of situation in your media training. Count to ten and answer the question.

CHOPPER: One, two, three...

JUDKINS: To yourself Mark, count to yourself.

CHOPPER: OK, OK, what was the question again?

Hot Pies: Um...Why has it taken so long for you to come to Collingwood?

CHOPPER: One, two, three...aw fuck it. I've spent 23 years in the nick OK.

HOT PIES: So how have you kept fit?

CHOPPER: You try spending 23 years keeping blokes away from you in the showers and see how fit you get.

HOT PIES: Sounds tough.

CHOPPER: Well I've been stabbed, had me ears cut off and had a prison baton broken over me head.

HOT PIES: A few injury worries then?

JUDKINS: We had the Club surgeon check Mark out before we drafted him. He got the all clear. Besides most players carry a few niggling injuries into games.

HOT PIES: I'd hardly say having your ears cut off is a niggling injury? Won't that make it hard to hear?

CHOPPER: What'd he say?

JUDKINS: Well I suppose. But I don't see it being a big deal.

HOT PIES: I would have thought hearing is an important part of being a league footballer.

CHOPPER: Huh?

JUDKINS: Maybe to a casual observer such as yourself but I can't think of a situation where it will be a problem.

HOT PIES: How will he know when someone's going to tackle him?

JUDKINS: Who's gonna tackle him?

CHOPPER: Tackle? Only the ears mate, I left the tackle alone. You'd have to be a bit sick to mutilate yourself downstairs.

HOT PIES: OK then, what about when a team-mate is calling for a handball?

JUDKINS: Well Bucks hasn't heard any of those calls and it hasn't held him back has it!

HOT PIES: Mr Read has had an interesting past. Are you sure he is the sort of role model our young players can look up to?

CHOPPER: Thought you hadn't read me books. I knew you had. Got more readers than that bloody Bryce Courtney. He may sell a few more but when you add in all the shoplifted copies of my books I reckon I've got 'im.

HOT PIES: Actually, I got your background from your police record.

CHOPPER: Yeah it's not a bad read. Not very comprehensive though! [laughs]

JUDKINS: Look Mark's been through the school of hard knocks, probably holds a PhD there to be honest. But he is a reformed character and we reckon our young blokes can learn from his experience.

CHOPPER: Yeah, I haven't shot anybody since 1992, and even then I didn't do it. I'm 47 now, you get over that stuff.

HOT PIES: Gone a bit soft lately?

CHOPPER: What'd you say?

HOT PIES: You heard it.

CHOPPER: Nah I didn't. Say it again.

HOT PIES: Clean your ears out, oops ... um... I mean... I said if your last big game was in '92 do you think you can handle the pace of modern football?

CHOPPER: If that pussy Lockett can haul his fat arse out of retirement I don't see why not.

HOT PIES: Very true. Thanks for your time and good luck for the season.

CHOPPER: What?



Chopper to add some much needed firepower and bite to the Pies line-up.



## Forbidden love

by Hotrod

What drives a person to such lengths? To love something they know they can never have.

To love a dud.

It is said that if you love something you should set it free. If it comes back it's yours. If it never returns then it never was.

But dud lovers are never free. They wait at the door of senior selection on a Thursday night believing that one day their love will return and play "that game" they knew he could if he was only given a chance.

This is a story of one such victim of forbidden love. To protect his identity we've called him "Foxy".

Hot Pies: Tell me Foxy, who was your love?  
Foxy: James Wasley

HP: Hmmm, are you okay now?

F: Yeah, I'm picking up the pieces. My family have been very good. It's been tough on everyone.

HP: What attracted you to James?

F: Ohhhhh [laughs] His speed. He reminded me of Ricky Barham.

HP: You mean when Ricky was injured?

F: No! When Ricky was in full flight! Wazza could have been the next Ricky Barham. I knew he could.

HP: Ricky could kick.

F: Wazza could too! Fair enough he had trouble hitting a target but as far as the ball making contact with the boot and hence kicking was concerned, he could do it.

HP: How have you been able to replace Wasley in your life.

F: Watching videos.

HP: Love stories or action.

F: No old Willi games! The one against Sandringham is a ripper. Wazza gets the ball on a back flank. One bounce, two bounces and lets one rip that goes 60 metres!

HP: Off the side of his boot?

F: [Smiles] Yeah!

## THE FOOTY ZOO

RICHMOND FOOTBALL  
CLUB  
ADMIN.

YA FINISHED  
MATE?

LET ME  
'AVE  
A GO!

**puntroadus poodumpus** - A RATHER VIRULENT STRAIN MUTATED FROM TIGERUS COMISSINGUS + CANSHAKER BEGGARSURUS. THIS SPECIES LONG AGO BYPASSED CONVENTIONAL FORMS OF COMMUNICATION OPTING INSTEAD TO USE TOTEMS. BUT WHO CAN AFFORD CHICKEN POO THESE DAYS?

# Codswallop

by BJ McKay

Have I ranted on about this "footy is a business" bollocks before? Well, if I have I can't remember, so I'll just remind people of my feelings on the matter.

Footy aint a business, footy is footy.

If you want to compare it to something try another cliché like religion but don't you dare try and tell me footy is a business cos its just a cheepsake comedy interrogation act as far as I'm concerned.

Whenever I hear some nobhead on the telly say those ridiculous four words I know they are either (a) in the business of making money at the expense of footy, or (b) it's David Smorgon lamenting the fact that nobody actually barracks for his football club, nobody ever has and nobody ever will, and nobody buys membership or sponsors their useless and unsuccessful club.

(I've always thought it a great pity that the Dogs actually won a flag in '54 and the Saints in '66. It'd be much more fun stirring fans that have zero flags as opposed to one)

Either way you can be assured of two things. Firstly, the person saying it is a Class A Wanker, and secondly, that they are indulging in a cop out in trying to explain why they are ripping off the common supporter (the lifeblood of their 'business' fantasy) of their hard earned or some of the core traditions of our great game.

As I said I've probably touched on these things before but these people need to be reminded often and perhaps at times quite forcefully, but I'll come to that point later.

Two current issues are really getting under my skin at the moment. Fair enough by the time you read these one may be resolved but the other will, no doubt, be ongoing and both are evidence of the existence of pure scum.

### INSURANCE

Can you bloody believe it. Don't ge me wrong, I do think Footscray are a very funny club and I find it somewhat amusing that the League try out all their new rules and problems on the Doggles before trying it out on everybody else like interfering with an umpire.

But not being able to insure a guy to play footy is a bloody disgrace. The fact that the League has stuffed around with this for over six months is unbelievable but the real criminal here is the bloody-minded gutless UnAustralian insurance company.

As I said, don't get me wrong I will never have sympathy for the Doggies and I don't particularly like Chris Grant but then again I don't hate him like I hate

Romero, but put yourself in their shoes and imagine Bucks being given the same treatment.

Granted, Eddie would have had it sorted by now and the public outrage would not have stopped until the matter was resolved but because it is Footscray there isn't as much outrage.

But back to this insurance company mob. I've had trouble sleeping at night I'm so angry. Imagine yourself in the position of CEO at the company and some lowlife comes into your office and tells you the statistics say that there is a chance in 10,000 that Grant is going to stuff himself and the company doesn't normally insure on those odds. I'd sack the prick right there and then.

I say if anybody insures with this company they immediately withdraw their policy now. Teach 'em a good old Aussie lesson and stick it right up 'em.

### LONG SERVICE LEAVE

Right up there with the players end-of-season fundraiser events, cos some dude on 200 grand can't afford \$1000 for a week in Bali.

Footy is a business, the football field is my workplace there is no place in the workplace for harrassment (why do I hear Caroline Wilson's voice in my head when I say shit like this) blah blah blah bloody blah

Have you heard how much some of these scumbags - read Scott Wynd, Darren Bewick, Steve Kolyniuk - have been asking for and were getting? Something like \$20,000. A heap of cash for you and me but peanuts for guys who probably own about four houses by the time they're 30 and have been earning well over \$100,000 and maybe double or triple that.

They're paid heaps cos a heap of us go to grounds to watch them (regardless of how good they are, may I say) and a heap of us watch 'em on telly. And they're paid premium dollars because their lifespan is short. And people treat them like primadonnas because that's how some of them demand to be treated.

And out of that \$20,000 how much is going to their lawyer/manager/accountant who dreamed up the wacky idea of applying for long-service leave?

But when a few scumbags try and suck the game dry for every last penny and endanger the very existence of some clubs you have to question the loyalty of some of these blokes, especially Kolyniuk and Wynd who come from the aforementioned basket-case club.

The philosophy behind long-service leave is loyalty but this is a concept these scum obviously need a few lessons in.

# Everybody loves Raymond



Catch up with Raymond and the colourful antics  
of the hilarious Shaw Family.  
Every Tuesday at 8:00. Only on Fox Footy Channel



playerswelovetohate

## James 'Mr Hanky' Hird

by Laura Pinkstone

If a typical Essendon supporter were asked to compose a piece on James Hird they would probably grab a Roget's Thesaurus and look up the term 'nice', then write sentences using all the many words they find.

James is savoury, James is pleasant, James is heart-warming, James is titillating, agreeable, lovely, gratifying, perfumed and so on.

James is an integral part of the culture of Essendon and coming to terms with his mystique is difficult without having some sense of that culture, almost as difficult as mentally visualising him in a Collingwood footy jumper (spare the thought!!!).

Essendon fans are probably the most little understood of football supporters. On weekends when they are not at the football, they are inclined to spend an unnatural amount of time cleaning their bathrooms.

Their idea of contentment is getting down on their knees and scrubbing and scrubbing and scrubbing, and eating lots of cereal afterwards.

They all think Peter Costello, their number one ticket holder, is a 'regular guy'. They are all susceptible to the famous Essendon 'sook' factor. When their team loses they always blame the other side.

When they are winning it makes you want to be at a netball match instead. The bombers are born to win, just like the House of Windsor is born to rule, and James is their captain.

For me James Hird is the Julie Andrews of Australian Rules Football. More in the style of Maria von Trapp than Mary Poppins.

The image of Hird in full flight is inseparable from those scenes of Julie Andrews skipping through the alpine pastures in 'The Sound of Music'.

Clean, blinding talent condensed into happy melodies.

You can imagine the scenario: five goals down at three quarter time, Kevin Sheedy draped in the habit of a mother superior singing 'Climb Every Mountain' to James and Dustin and Matthew, and them standing in line from tallest to shortest with little tears welling in their eyes, thinking to themselves 'let's pull together for the wise old nun'.

The similarities between James and Julie are uncanny. They are both 'nice', but you could spend days trying to unravel the complexities of their 'niceness'. In new age football terms they kick with the wind, no matter which way the breeze is blowing. Even their names: 'James' and 'Julie' have a taint of incorruptibility.

Like Julie Andrews, James has an aura of goodness, an invisible shield of virtue that protects him from contamination, deflecting bad thoughts and rude words to the darker corners of the dressing room where lesser mortals whisper expletives and meddle with their athletic supports. If it's not clean and wholesome then it's not in the script.

Most of all it's the transcendent qualities of James Hird that make him special. The German art historian Lessing once said of Raphael that even without hands he would have been a great artist.

It might be equally said of James Hird that even without his head - let alone hands or his feet - he would still be a great football player.

It's his soul that does the talking on the football field, and when you have soul you don't need much else.

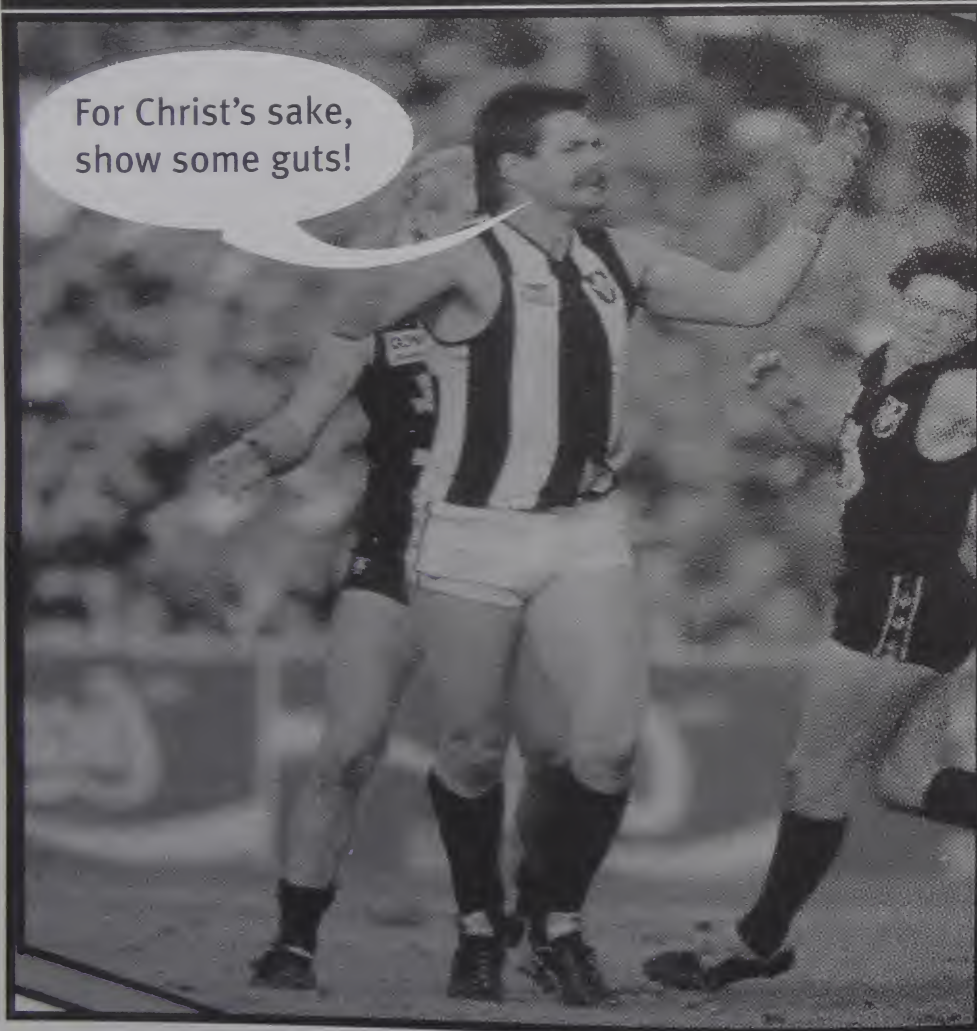
Take away his arms, his legs, his head, and just leave him there in the middle of the ground with his soul and the invisible shield of virtue.

The opposition would still put two players on him, the Essendon supporters would scream out 'leave James alone' and the umpires would give him Brownlow votes. That's the sort of guy he is.

LAURA PINKSTONE

# Clokey Snr. pleads to Young Guns ...

For Christ's sake, show some guts!



# Looking the goods in 2002

by Karen Bush

With Collingwood's pre-season form seemingly left on the nightclub floor, we may be forced to look further afield this year for inspiration. This year, it may not be what the boys do on the ground, but what they look like doing it?

Fellow Pies, this may be the only chance for any real glory. The Rhys Shaw peroxide aside, the Magpies have made a good early claim on the title for Style Gurus of the year.

While the Duck and Richo's flowing Mills & Boon locks drew the young girls to the Tigers in droves last decade (only to be so sadly let down so quickly) - this season - the Pies might just gather a few more fans for something other than how they actually play.

We will triumph over those Hawthorn pretty boys with hair that matches their jumpers and defeat those Bulldog tryhards.

Yes, we know it's hard to swallow, but some Footscray supporters have actually suggested it's the Doggies who are the team most stylish.

Sorry, but no matter how many short blacks Nathan G. Brown (as he is named on their "official" website) and Daniel Giansiracusa are seen sipping on Chapel Street sidewalks, they don't have a hope against the Mighty

Pies.

For it's not just looks that maketh the cool dude, it's attitude.

And who could be cooler than Malthouse?

Letting our players stay on superior opponents even though they are clearly being beaten - cool. Forsaking what could be game winning changes for the sake of the "longer term" - cool.

Persisting with that moustache since the 1920s until it comes back into fashion - cool, cool, cool. He's setting a fine example.

We love Leon au naturale, and he's been like that now for three whole weeks - a feat even David Beckham couldn't hope to beat. We love Brodie's mohawk, Tarkyn's skinhead, the new dashing Davidson.

We love it that Rupert couldn't care less.

We know Jarrod Molloy's only got blonde tips so he's got a shot at the Brownlow. You can't go past super-stud Licca, Copeland Trophy winner and ultimate calendar boy.

And we've got the best looking Lonie.

Gone are the days of the 1990 Grand Final. Sure we won. It was magnificent. We were on top of the world, invincible, the greatest.

But we did it with mullets - mullets, on almost everyone. Or are they supposed to be cool now?

# Pies add to veteran's list

by Woody

Tony Lockett. Paul Salmon. Old codgers were the fashionable addition to lists during recent drafts. Hot Pies can reveal that multi-club on-baller Adrian Fletcher wasn't the only veteran the Pies flirted with recruiting.

This story escaped the attention of mainstream media but Hot Pies can reveal that 74 year old, Cess Pitt (pictured) also trained with the Pies during pre-season.

"Jock McHale first spotted Cess as a junior. He's what we call in the recruitment business, a

'project player'. We've had him tucked away in the bush leagues for a few years, off the radar of the other clubs, you know," said Recruiting Manager, Noel Judkins.



Seniors Footy: Cess Pitt (74) shows his style during pre-season with the Magpies.

## HAD THE PUNT PAID OFF?

"He was training the house down and his skin-folds, well, it folds very easily actually. Mick could see him as a run-with type player who could strengthen our midfield during the season."

## SO WHY DIDN'T THE CLUB PICK HIM UP?

"We were dead keen until he began missing a few compulsory sessions. It didn't seem to make sense, as he was always one of the first on the track. Eventually we found him in the social club playing the pokies.

"We spoke to Cess and Craig Kelly (Cess' manager) about it but it was too late, he'd

become addicted.

"Sadly we had to put him on the next train back to the bush."

It is January 2006. You are on the 25th week of your 26 week annual holiday.

After five tiring months of non-stop drinking and 'world's best practice-international benchmark' rooting, you decide to chill out and watch a video. Your incredibly thoughtful, caring, considerate and absolute horn-bag of a wife/girlfriend/casual root is cooking.....naked.....again. 'How did you know I like Nacho's, thanks Hun'.

The video begins and you are transfixed, for this is no

ordinary video. This is a replay of the 2006 Grand Final. The history equalling fourth Collingwood flag in a row. The one where for the first time 22 Norm Smith medals are handed out because the performance was so even. The game after which Eddie resigns as President after growing tired of Collingwood success.....

Now come back to March 2002 and garnish yourself with the knowledge that none of this will happen. Except the bits about Magpie Premierships. Personally I hope it happens this year, I could do with a holiday and a root.

## New AFL spokesman appointed

In a move to improve the growing chasm between umpires and the rest of the football community, Director of Umpiring, Jeff "Unleash the Geisch" Geischen recently announced the appointment of Marcel Marceau as the new Public Relations Manager for the AFL.

"We're thrilled to have Marcel on board. His reputation as an innovative communicator is impeccable. Personally I'm very relieved. This is my last press conference - Marcel will be the mouthpiece of umpiring from today. He'll also take on all those tricky topics Jacko and Demetriou feel require his expertise."

Performing an interpretative mime, Marceau made a lot of gestures and funny faces to the press throng. Later the AFL's written press release revealed this to mean, "I am very 'appy to join de AFL. For years I 'ave grown to love ze game. I like very much ze referees, especially ze goal referees when de pat zere chest and point zere fingers. Goal! Also ze boundary referees how ze run backwards and prance about like ballet dancers - how could ze fans not love their work."



New AFL Public Relations Manager Marcel Marceau explains the complicated racial vilification rules.

Hot Pies is reluctantly introducing poetry to these hallowed pages. But unfortunately they keep on getting sent in. So we want your best, worst or most embarrassing effort and you could win a free subscription to the mag. Craig from Perth is our first winner.

## Crap Poem of the Month

### My ode to Peter Daicos THE MACEDONIAN MARVEL

From his days at Preston RSL  
They knew this boy could play,  
There was never any doubt  
That he would make it all the way.

He would get up early, play all day  
And finish in the dark,  
How glad we are he chose black and white  
And headed for Victoria Park.

He had all the skills and attributes  
To make himself a star,  
His goal sense was of all the best  
This put him ahead by far.

From straight in front, up close, afar  
Or on the boundary from the pocket,  
He could thread the needle like none before  
Some say better than that man Lockett.

On his day he could kick a bag full  
Through the sticks,  
His opponents would just stand there  
And they'd marvel at his tricks.

Some say he was a fluke  
That the last one was pure arse,  
He did it all too often  
This man was pure class.

When he got the ball in the forward half  
The crowd would start to roar,  
They knew that this was going to add  
Six points to his team's score.

In 1990 he helped his team win  
The greatest prize of all,  
A premiership medallion he did earn  
Which now hangs upon his wall.

He was one of the all time greats  
To that all must agree,  
A forward pocket specialist  
A better one you'll never see.

To end my ode to the great man  
Who's retirement was a loss,  
The memory that will last forever  
Of the silky skilled DAICOS.

# Reinventing Rocca

by BJ McKay

Anthony Bloody Rocca. If only, if only, if only  
... so many bloody "if onlies".

But how about this for a concept. Consider this.  
Maybe Malthouse doesn't know how to use him.  
Could it be that he has been poorly coached.

Trained in the wrong style, played in the wrong  
position, at the wrong time, on the wrong opposition  
player.

I, for one, am of this opinion. I, for one, think  
Malthouse hasn't got a clue about a lot of things -  
and what exactly to do with big Anthony is one of  
those. Popular opinion is that he is a good coach.  
Two flags in his first four years at West Coast is  
more than a fair call.

But let's face it he had a marauding beast of a side  
with genuine superstars, matchwinners, a killer  
midfield and a mongrel brick wall of a backline.  
He didn't have that at the Scraggers and he doesn't  
have it at the Carringbush and for the last eight  
years his return has been more than average.

But back to the Pies and back to Anthony.

We've all seen the kid play, maybe not 100 minutes,  
but we've seen the six mark, three goal first  
quarters, we've seen the strong marking, the pack  
crashes and the 75 metre ball-bursters and we all  
want to see a hell of a lot more.

We consider him as a key position player and if  
you're serious about your line-up, you got to  
consider that sort of player to be a potential  
matchwinner.

But is he a matchwinner?

Yes and no. He could be and he has been but none  
of us really expect it. He definitely aint a four  
quarter player and he definitely aint a big vote  
getter.

So what is he?

He is a big bloody block that can play footy and has  
a minor repertoire of tricks. And we got to work out  
where to put him and when to unleash the tricks. In  
short we got to re-invent him. Lets look at some  
other big blocky kinda footy players and where they  
play.

Centre Half Forward?

You compare a Carey and a Whitnall and you think  
not really.

Centre Half Back? You compare a Jakovich and you  
come to the same conclusion. And he has been tried  
in these pozzies before and not set the world on fire,  
or worse, been exploited, and turned an average  
opponent into a BOG. Alright so those comparisons  
may be a little unfair, cos even though you're talking  
complete dickheads you are talking class.

But what about some examples of re-invention.

Usually the best cases of re-invention have occurred  
in the case of forwards turning into backmen.

A good case is Richmond turning Ben Holland, an  
out-and-out complete spastic, into a seviceable  
backline player.

The bloke can barely run, can't kick, doesn't know  
how to handball and nor can Gaspar or the Kellaway  
village idiots but somehow they all balance to make  
a half decent backline. Stewie Loewe and has also  
moved into a part-time backline role.

Something about running in straight lines that  
seems to fit well with big unko blokes.

It's all about fit and balance. The concept of Jarrod,  
Fatty Cummings, Mr T, the Davis twins, and Ant all  
in the forward line seems a juicy prospect but I  
remember thinking the same thing last year and it  
never looked close to being balanced or seemingly  
complimentary.

But what about Full Back with Richo, Tarkyn and  
Presti lending support or at CHB with permanent  
half backers in Bucks and Burnsie at his side, feeding  
off his crumbs, getting him into the game and  
massaging his confidence.

The backline will also teach him some discipline and  
accountability and if he knows he aint gonna play in  
the forward line at all he doesn't have the pressure  
of kicking goals or of being the matchwinner. Keep  
him out of the ruck so he doesn't run out of puff.  
Either Fraser does the job or room must be made for  
McKee in the 22 to back Fraser up for 15 minutes  
every quarter.

## FIND THE HIDDEN WORDS!

Hey Kids! Discover who is ripping the heart and soul out of the game! Piece together the remaining letters after all the hidden words have been found.

W O B B L Y B I T S  
T I L C T M U C B P  
H C T I B B R O A O  
T U L S S O I C L O  
P T U R D X B K L B  
O T I H S T I T S U  
O O C A T A N U T M  
K C U F A R S E U W  
J F E L A T I O N E  
I R I M J O B A L E  
Z B O O B S D I C K

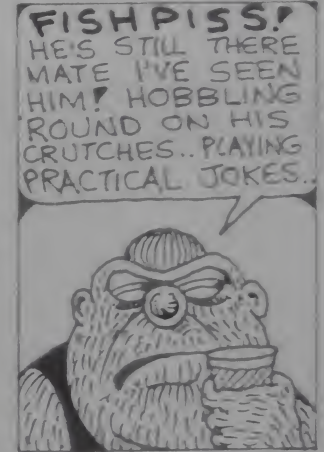
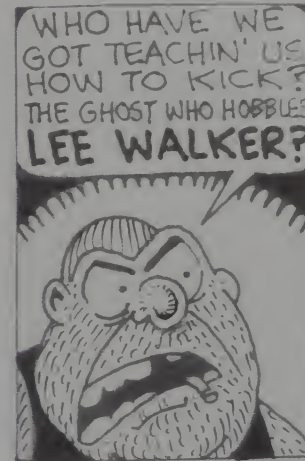
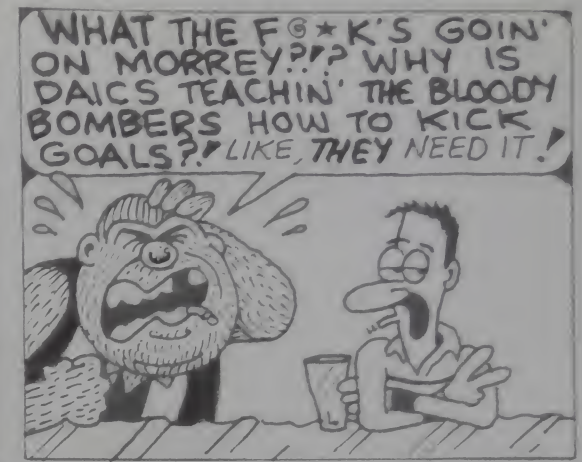
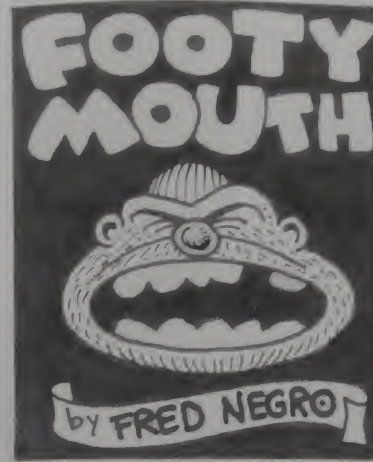
BALL  
GOAL  
POST  
DAICOS  
MAGPIE  
SHERRIN  
UMPIRE  
DROP PUNT  
WIN  
POINT  
PUNCH  
KICK  
TRAINING  
SUBLIMINAL  
MARK  
BOOT  
FLAG  
SIREN  
BOUNCE  
TAP

## MULLET MADNESS!

Hey Kids! Have fun with our new exciting game that gets you up-to-date with high fashion hairdos and great strategic philosophies. Simply match the mullets below with the paradigms outlined in Master Sun Tzu's 'Art of War', Machiavelli's 'Il Principe' and John Kennedy's 'Don't Think, Do!'.



Answers: Tribunal, John Gaster - Don't think, Do!; Craig Bradley - Il Principe; Greg Anderson - Art of War





adidas

all day I dream about sex

